

The Musical World.

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MONSIEUR SAINTON will return to London on the
10th March. 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, 10th February, 1860.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY will return to town
on the 10th March. 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, W., 10th
February, 1860.

S. T. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC
CONCERT, Monday evening, Feb. 20th; and Public Rehearsal, To-morrow
(Saturday) afternoon, Feb. 18th. Conductor, Dr. WYLDE. To commence at
8 o'clock. Programme:—Part I. Overture, Abencerragen—Cherubini; aria,
Signor Belletti—Mozart; concerto in E. minor, violin and orchestra: violin,
Mr. H. Blagrove—Spohr; chorus, Ruins of Athens—Beethoven; air with chorus,
"Calm is the glassy ocean," Idomeneo, Mdlle. Parepa—Mozart; symphony in E.
flat, adagio, allegro, andante, minuetto, finale—Beethoven. Part II. Concerto
in G. minor, piano forte and orchestra, Mdlle. Marie WIECK—Mendelssohn;
aria, Signor Belletti—Rossini; fantasia, violin cello, Signor Piatti—Piatti; madrigal,
"In going to my lonely bed"—Edwards, A.D. 1560; aria, Mdlle. Parepa—
Rossini; overture—Weber. The subscription for five grand concerts and five
public rehearsals is £2 2s. for a reserved sofa stall. Tickets at popular prices,
viz.:—For the concert on Monday evening, Feb. 20, area and gallery, 1s.; balcony,
2s., 3s., 5s., and 7s.; area stalls, 5s.; sofa stalls, 10s. 6d. Tickets for the public
rehearsal on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 18:—Area and gallery, 1s.; balcony 3s.;
area stalls, 5s. Messrs. Cramer and Co., 20, Regent-street; Chappell and Co., 50,
New Bond-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside: and at the hall.

S. T. JAMES'S HALL.—THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—Wednesday, Feb. 15th, at 8. Mdlle. Parepa, Mdlle. Marie WIECK,
and Choir of 200 voices. Mdlle. Parepa will sing "The Shadow Song" from
"Dinorah," the "Laughing Song" from "Manon Lescaut," and the Solos in
Mendelssohn's Psalm "Hear my Prayer." New Part-songs by the Choir.
Conductor—M. BENEDICT. Tickets, 1s., 3s., sofa, and balcony stalls, 5s. each.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A GRAND CONCERT will be
given on Saturday next, the 18th February, at which Mdlle. Piccolomini
will make her first appearance on her return to England. The Vocalists will
include Signor Belart, Signor Aldighieri, Signor Gilardoni, and Mdlle. Piccolomini.
The Crystal Palace Orchestra considerably increased for this occasion, will be conducted
by Signor Arditi and M. Manns.

Admission by Season Tickets (now on sale at 10s. 6d. each, available to the 30th
April, 1860); or on payment of Half-a-Crown; children under 12 One Shilling.
Reserved seats, Half-a-Crown extra. Tickets at the Crystal Palace, and 2, Exeter
Hall. Open at Ten. Concert at Three.

MYDDLETON HALL, ISLINGTON.—NORTH LONDON MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. Second of the series, Monday
Monday evening next, the 13th Feb., 1860. Artists: Mad. Louisa Vining,
Mdlle. Vaueri, Miss Fanny Reeves, Miss Messent, Mr. Allan Irving, J. G. Patey,
and Elliot Galer, Viotti Collina, Medora Collina, J. D. Davies (harpist), R. Gleam
Wealey. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori. Admission one shilling and two shillings.

MEYERBEER'S DINORAH AND STERNDALE
BENNETT'S MAY QUEEN, are sung nightly at the CANTERBURY
HALL CONCERTS. Comic vocalists—Messrs. George Hodson (the Irish comedian
and mimic), W. J. Critchfield and E. W. Mackney. Several interesting pictures
are added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of Halls have been re-decorated
and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the
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THE BAY OF DUBLIN QUADRILLES, on Irish
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stream Guards, Royal Artillery, &c., has become one of the most popular of the
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military band instruments, reed and brass, as well as bugles, drums and fifes,
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bandmasters, and render any further assistance that may be required.—Boosey
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Analytical Programmes by
DESMOND RYAN, Esq.

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In presenting this prospectus, the projectors of this Association deem it worthy of remark that a great want is felt by a countless number of amateurs possessing musical knowledge, and capability of a society which would afford them ample opportunity of acquiring, at a moderate cost, a complete knowledge of the beauty and grandeur of the choicest and recognized orchestral compositions of this and previous periods.

The object of this Association is to bring together the amateur instrumentalists of London and its suburbs, for the practice and performance of oratorios, masses, cantatas, symphonies, operatic selections, and overtures, including compositions, but little known to the general public, with other chef-d'oeuvres of the great masters, suitable for band and chorus conjointly or separately.

For the benefit of the amateur department, weekly rehearsals will be held on every Saturday Evening, at Eight o'clock, at the Architectural Gallery, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, and during the season, concerts will be given at one of the large theatres or concert-rooms, with the important assistance of the honorary professional members, and in conjunction with the chorus, as soon as the necessary proficiency is attained.

In the professional department there are still vacancies for honorary members for the following instruments:—Four first violins, one second violin, and two violas.

All communications to be addressed to the Honorary Secretary of the London Orchestral Association, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W.

H. J. BRAHAM, Hon. Sec.

GLEES, MADRIGALS, AND BALLADS.—Egyptian Hall, (Dudley Gallery.)—Final arrangements in compliance with very numerous applications, these much admired performances of Glees, Madrigals, and Old English Ditties, will be continued for one week longer, and will be given every morning at half-past two; and on Tuesday and Friday evening at quarter past eight, when the present series must positively terminate. The programmes will include favourite compositions of Sir Henry Bishop. Glees, Madrigals and Part-songs of an early period, Catch, Haydn's Humorous Serenade, renowned Old English Ballads by Miss Eyles, and the celebrated Scottish Dialogue Ballad "Huntingtower." Conductor, Mr. Land. Literary Illustrator, T. Oliphant, Esq. Reserved seats, 3s.; unreserved seats, 2s.; a few fauteuils, 5s. each, which may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street, W.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—GOUNOD'S GRAND MASS and BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY, Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8, under the direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAH. Principal vocalists—Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilby Cooper, Mr. Thomas. Tickets, 1s., 2s. 6d., stalls, 5s.

THE MISSES BROUGHAM beg to announce that they have removed to 38, Argyle-street, Euston-road, W. C.; where all communications respecting engagements and lessons are requested to be addressed.

MASTER HORTON CLARIDGE ALLISON, Pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, begs to announce that he will, in the course of the season, give Three Pianoforte Performances, at which he will be assisted by eminent Vocal and Instrumental talent. 143, Marylebone-road, N.W., Feb. 9th.

MR. LEONARD (Bass) accepts engagements for Concerts, either in London or the Provinces (see notices of Mr. Leonard's performances in *The Musical World* and *The Press* newspapers of the 4th of February). Address, No. 3, Pomeroy-terrace, Old Kent-road, S.E.

A PIANIST WANTED, as an Accompanist to a married Professional Gentleman (Vocalist). Terms offered are Furnished Apartments, Breakfast, and Attendance, to any Lady or Gentleman who would devote two or three hours to daily practice. Address, by letter only, to C. L., No. 3 Pomeroy-terrace, Old Kent-road, S.E.

THE Advertiser is in want of a situation as Tuner and General Assistant in the Music Trade. First-class certificate as to ability, &c. Address, O, *Musical World* Office.

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WANTED, immediately, a Pupil in a Musical Establishment, where he will have an opportunity of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the profession in all its branches. Address, post paid, Mr. G. Richardson, music warehouse, Horsham, Sussex.

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THE ARION" (Eight-Part-Choir).—The members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.

F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec. Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

JUST PUBLISHED.—"There's nothing like a freshening breeze," new song by Alberto Randegger, composed for and sung with the greatest success by Mr. Thomas, when on his last tour, and always encored. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

REVIEWS.

“*Moore’s National Airs, with symphonies, and accompaniments for the pianoforte, edited by Charles William Glover—People’s Edition, No. 9,*” (Longman and Co.)—contains ten of the least familiar of the tunes to which the Irish bard wedded poetry. Several of them are attractive; among others “Hear me but once,” set for two voices, a pretty quaint French air, “My harp is one unchanging theme,” a Swedish air of some character, “Early sounds the castanet” (Spanish of course), and “Then Fare thee well” to an English tune that will doubtless be recognised by Mr. William Chappell. One or two of the melodies we cannot but believe to be spurious—such (to name one example) as the so-called Hindostanee Air,—“Hark, I hear a spirit sing,” arranged for three voices.

“*The Orpheon, a collection of songs and choruses in two, three, and four parts, carefully selected for the use of schools, families, and choral societies*”—(Ewer and Co.)—may be recommended as a useful and well-varied compilation, exactly fitted for the object to which it professes to be dedicated, and for the most part made up of materials likely to improve and invigorate, rather than (as too often is the case) enfeeble and debase the taste of those who assemble together for the performance of vocal part music, as an agreeable and, at the same time, sensible means of recreation.

“*A Morning and Evening Cathedral Service*”—by R. R. Ross, (J. A. Novello)—is creditable to the composer (President of the Manchester Madrigal Society—who has inscribed his work to the High Master of the Free Grammar School, and Rector of St. Peter’s Church, the Rev. Nicholas Germen, M.A.). To meet with any very novel feature in new settings to music of our Cathedral service, we hardly expect in these times. The question is, on one hand, what now *can* be done with it, if the old-established forms must be preserved; and on the other, ought these old-established forms, under any circumstances to be tampered with, much more superseded? Perhaps, some day, *genius* may decide. At present we may compliment Mr. Ross for having accomplished his task quite as well as the majority of his predecessors.

“*A short and easy Morning Service—Te Deum’ and ‘Jubilate’—with accompaniment for organ or pianoforte*”—by Charles Frederick Hauptmann (Ewer and Co.)—may be politely dismissed with a reference to the foregoing observations. The organist of St. Mary’s, Tenby, writes smoothly and correctly, but can lay no more legitimate claim to originality than his respectable Manchester contemporary.

“*Stella Matutina—melodie Religieuse pour piano*”—by Wilhelm Schulthes, Op. 27 (Ewer and Co.)—like all Herr Schulthes commits to the hands of the engraver, is clever and carefully worked out; but we cannot help thinking that the *cadenza* in octaves (page 5—“precipitato”) is somewhat precipitate, if not absolutely profane; while the general treatment to which the theme is submitted in pages 6 and 7, if not positively irreligious, leaves the “religious melody” *tant soit peu décolletée*.

“*Ave Maria* for ‘mezzo-soprano’ or ‘baritone,’ with pianoforte or organ accompaniment”—by Wilhelm Schulthes (Ewer and Co.)—is devotional in tone, appropriately (that is gravely) melodious, and harmonised with the composer’s accustomed taste; but why not G flat, instead of F sharp in the last chord of the following?—



What conceivable system can defend an F sharp and a C flat occurring in one and the same harmony?

“*Dear Old England*,” a patriotic song—words by Mrs. Valentine Roberts, music by Mrs. Gilbert A’Beckett (Leader and Cocks)—is a genial song on all accounts, the poetry being vigorous and the music unaffected. All “patriotic” songs should emulate these qualities, instead (as is so frequently the case) of dealing alternately in twaddle, bombast, and maudlin sentimentality.

“*The Rifleman’s March*”—by J. E. Richardson (Aylward, Salisbury)—is dedicated “by permission” (by whose permission we are not told) to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the 1st Wiltshire Rifle Volunteers. It is a march of considerable spirit.

“*I told thee, Sweetheart*”—poetry by John Ellison, music by M. Enderssohn (Schott and Co.)—is a ballad in which expression is attained and dulness avoided in an equally remarkable degree, both by poet and musician.

“*L’Eglantine*,” waltz for the pianoforte—by Martin H. Hodges (Henry Keller, Clifton*)—is dedicated by the composer to “his pupils,” who can hardly fail to be charmed by its wholly unpretending and at the same time attractive qualities.

“*The Bird of Song*”—written by W. S. Passmore, composed by J. L. Hatton (Boosey and Sons)—will remind many of the late Sir Henry Bishop, of whose earlier manner it is an admirable copy. Although, in his poetry, Mr. W. S. Passmore apostrophises the lark, Mr. Hatton’s song bears no resemblance whatever to Bishop’s once famous “Lo, here the gentle lark,” nor is there a flute *obbligato* part to suggest that this was in the more recent composer’s mind when, in the attitude of creation, he threatened the paper with ink. Nevertheless there is a Bishop-feeling about the whole, which, as it is eminently welcome, will not be detrimental to the popularity probably awaiting the “Bird of Song”—a piece of which Mr. Hatton has no reason to be ashamed, and to which his admirers will point with a certain degree of exultation. Far better, however, in all respects, because far more original—and as a natural consequence, far more genuine—is “*It was fifty years ago*”—composed and dedicated to John Boosey (same publisher)—one of the genial and racy musical settings of Professor Longfellow’s genial and racy poetry with which we are acquainted. Who does not know the poem which begins with the following simple and exquisite stanzas?—

“It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
(Pronounce *Veau*)
A child in its cradle lay.

“And nature, the old nurse,
Took the child upon her knee,
Saying, ‘Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee.’

* Beethoven-house, Triangle.

"Come wander with me," she said,
 'Into regions yet untrod,
 And read what is still unread,
 In the manuscripts of God.'

Why Longfellow should have made "book" rhyme with "nurse," in the second stanza, when in the other five parallel situations he rhymes to the sound and letter, is a puzzle that requires a long (eared) fellow to explain. Mr. Hatton has surpassed himself in the music to this song. The very beginning shows that it is to be a vigorous melody:—



It was fifty years ago, In the pleasant month of May.
 And the rest is to match. The episode, in the major key of B flat, covering the whole of page 3, is as fresh and buoyant as it is charmingly unobtrusive. Longfellow has frequently inspired our musicians, but seldom more happily than in this instance.

"*Margarita, ballad*"—written by G. P. Morris, composed expressly for Mr. Sims Reeves by M. W. Balf (Boosey and Sons)—is one of those catching trifles which Mr. Balf, in his happiest moments, is so lucky in producing. A melody as simple as a hammer, setting out thus:—



When I was in my teens, I lov'd dear Mar - ga - ri - ta,
 and continued to the end with the same attractive naïveté, accompanied with studied simplicity, and allied to words of the true ballad calibre—the whole, too, essentially singable—can hardly fail to be effective, and to charm all ears, no matter of what dimensions, and reach all hearts, from the softest to the least easily penetrable. Such is "Margarita," the most recent inspiration of the composer of *The Bohemian Girl* and *Satanella*—such the song with which Mr. Sims Reeves is now enchanting his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen in all parts of "merrie England."

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE Annual Meeting of the Fellows and Associates of this rapidly rising Society was held, at the Marylebone Institution, on Wednesday the 1st. On this occasion, Mr. Joseph Duggan, Mr. Edward James, and Mr. John Simon, were elected on the Council to fill the vacancies occasioned by the retirement of Herr Molique, Mr. Lodge Ellerton, and Sir John Harrington; and Mr. Sainton, Mr. Verrinder, Mr. Barker, and Mr. Stockdale were elected fellows. The report of the Council, which was read to the meeting, gave a gratifying account of the remarkable prosperity of the Society, showing the number of its members to amount to 1,450, and the funds in the hands of the treasurer greatly to exceed £1,300. The same document spoke of the eminent success with the members and in public esteem, of the series of four concerts given last season, and it justly ascribed this success in a great measure to the admirable orchestra and the excellent conducting of Mr. Alfred Mellon; it spoke of the distinguishing feature of these concerts, as compared with the serial performances of every other musical establishment in the metropolis, showing this to have been the inclusion in each of the programmes of one or more works of resident English or foreign composers, and leaving the impression that this feature of the arrangements was another chief ground of the good opinion the series had universally elicited. The report promised another series of four concerts, on the scale of those of last year, for the ensuing season; and in addition to these, a fifth concert, at which music not written for the orchestra is to be performed, and singers and instrumentalists whose talent could not be brought forward on the other occasions, are to be engaged. The report spoke of the weekly choral practice of the members, conducted by Mr. Henry Smart, as a flourishing and highly valuable branch

of the Society's operations; some 200 ladies and gentlemen have formed themselves into a class for mutual pleasure and improvement, whose ranks are open to the entire body of fellows and associates, and their progress in part-singing proves the good influence of their skilful training upon their general musical capacity. It is important to notice that their excellent conductor exercises his talents in this department gratuitously. The choral practice has, it seems, been made opportune for the trial of some hitherto unheard compositions of the members of the Society; and this branch of the proceedings of the institution is to be extended by the establishment of trials of new instrumental chamber-music. The *conversazioni*, held in May and January last, at St. James's Hall, were referred to with just satisfaction, as having been occasions for promoting the social intercourse of the members, and thus bringing into agreeable and beneficial personal relationship those who follow music as a calling with those who seek it as a recreation, and it may well be presumed, stimulating a still better feeling between them, and a yet greater mutual sympathy than even now exists.

The report continued, that, in fulfilment of a resolution passed at the Fellows' Meeting, in November, the Council addressed, on the part of the Society, a letter of condolence to the widow of the illustrious Spohr, on the death of the great musician, who was one of the honorary members of the Musical Society, and they reported that lady's courteous acknowledgment of their communication.

Thus far the report may be regarded as referring individually to the members of the Society, inasmuch as their personal interests are involved in its proceedings. Another matter, however, was communicated in this statistical document, which, as it might have been of eminent importance to the musical art, and, possibly, an incident of lasting consequence in the Art's history, shows the wide view taken by the Council of the range of the Society's operations, and the zeal they have exercised to extend these beyond the limits of its immediate advantage. The report stated that the Council of the Musical Society had endeavoured to procure for the world the removal of the prohibition against the performance and publication of some of the works of Mendelssohn, which the brother of the master, taking unwarrantable advantage of his sole possession of these invaluable legacies to mankind, thinks fit to impose. The efforts of the Council were fruitless. M. Paul Mendelssohn dallied with them for many months; and, after thus long wavering between he would and he would not, finally decided to continue to withhold these great art-treasures, assigning for thus arbitrarily depriving us of what we justly inherit from a man of genius—the enjoyment of his creations—some domestic reasons which the Council deem improper for production to the meeting of their constituents. It was urgently pressed, even by some members of the Council who appeared to think less unfavourably than their coadjutors of the measures of M. Paul Mendelssohn, and to desire to allow him at least the justice of making known his assumed motives for these, that the entire correspondence between the Council and this gentleman should be read, and thus the views, however unsatisfactory, be made known, which induce the possessors to withhold the compositions from the public. A majority of the meeting decided that the arguments employed by the Council to prevail upon M. Paul Mendelssohn to remove his arbitrary restriction, the cause of this gentleman's vacillation, and the grounds, whatever they might be, for his final determination, should not be revealed,—thus showing an indifference to the highly important subject utterly inexplicable in a body of musicians, and leaving a stigma on the family of Mendelssohn, which, it is not unreasonable to suppose, their own words might in some degree have tended to remove. The unconcern of the meeting may be interpreted as tacitly expressing, first, a vote of censure upon the Council for having interfered in a matter in which, as the executive of the Musical Society, they were unauthorised to act; second, an acknowledgment that the family of Mendelssohn were believed to have reasons for the suppression of the works of their immortal relative, which would not bear to be made generally known; third, that the musicians of London, as represented by the thousand and a half of them who constitute the members of the Musical Society, are carelessly apathetic to the best interests of the art it should be their duty to uphold, being indifferent to the works of a great master, and regardless of his reputation. From this last point of view, the meeting may be considered as having publicly signified that the only objects of the Musical Society are, to give concerts on more or less the same scale as the two Philharmonics, respectively, of Mr. Anderson and Dr. Wylde; to have trials of unheard compositions on a greatly smaller scale than the British Musicians'; to support a singing-class, more numerous but less efficient than Mr. Henry Leslie's or the Polyhymnia, less elementary than Mr. Hullah's, and greatly inferior in extent to the Handel Festival choir; and, finally, to give Leviathan tea-parties in St. James's Hall, at which the rankness of

the butter and the meagreness of the beverage appeared to have been the chief subjects of comment; but to strive for the welfare of music by endeavouring to increase the store of rich treasures which are open to its lovers, was implied to be beyond the limits of the Society's operations.

It was advanced by an eminent barrister, who was at the meeting, that the heirs of an immortal genius have as distinct a legal right in the spiritual effects of their deceased relative, as in his substantial personal estate: in a word, that the fact of possessing the fruit of a dead man's imagination, gives a living legatee as much authority over the same as over the shilling himself has honestly earned, which he holds in his own pocket—the right to spend it, or to put it out to interest, to give it, or to throw it away, to husband or to squander it, to melt it down, or, if possible, to annihilate it. Such the meeting was advised is the law, and thus interpreting the law, M. Paul Mendelssohn represents a spiritual Shylock, who insists upon worse than his pound of flesh cut from the bosom of his bondsman, insists upon self-appropriating, for reasons which his correspondents fail to divulge, the product of his brother's inspiration, and thus robbing him of a portion of his deathless reputation. Since such is the law, and since no doctor from Belmont steps forward to turn back its power upon him who would arbitrarily enforce it, the world must bow to its provisions, and can hope at most that the correspondence of the Council of the Musical Society have laid Mr. Mendelssohn's uninvestigable motives under more suspicion than they really deserve.

Let us now turn to consider how fatal would have been the workings of this law, which deals with men's thoughts as with their goods and chattels, their wearing apparel, their bank-stock and their railway shares—how fatal would have been its workings had it always been enforced as severely by musician's executors, as it is alleged that the administrators of Mendelssohn have the authority to enforce it. The two quartets of Beethoven, in F and in A minor, two of the most remarkable, in some respects the most beautiful, and in many respects the most interesting of all its composer's wonderful creations, were first printed subsequently to the death of the author, and thus might have been arbitrarily suppressed at the lawful discretion of his executors. The twelve symphonies of Mozart, which were first printed some ten years since, inconsiderable though they be, as compared with some other works of the master, yet eminently interesting on account of their intrinsic merit, and on account of the illustration they afford of the composer's various and prolific powers—these might have been withheld from the world by the heirs of his executors. All the choruses in *Messiah*, and the entire oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*, were unprinted when Handel died, and were thus at the mercy of those persons who had the care of his property and of his fame. We need adduce no further instances to prove how far beyond estimation would music have been impoverished, how incalculably would the world have lost had M. Paul Mendelssohn's course, with regard to his brother's works, been anticipated by the persons into whose hands devolved the care of the treasures we have named.

Let us next consider how deep has been the injury rising from the assertion of this property right in another man's creations. The widow of Mozart, for her own gain and profit, permitted the contemptible swindler, Süssmayer, to claim a share in the composition of the whole of her husband's greatest work, and to declare himself the sole author of some of the most beautiful portions of that transcendent masterpiece; having sold the right to print the *Requiem*, she, at a later period, repudiating this first transaction, made a second market of the work, and sold, for a second honorarium, the right to print, (from Mozart's incomplete sketch, which had been filled up, according to the finished manuscript, by the execrable impostor who impudently pretended to have co-composed the whole with Mozart) an edition of the *Mass for the Dead*, in which the portions respectively attributed to the true and the pseudo-composer are indicated. The consequence of this course of lawful exercise of right in property, was, not only, that great doubt arose in the minds even of studied musicians, as to Mozart's authorship of the work,—this was of small comparative importance, since, as the world possessed a composition which no man, save one, that ever lived, could have produced, it mattered little whether or not that one was accredited with it,—but that a man, whose only claim to notice was his insolent effrontery in putting on the lion's skin which did not fit him, was allowed the too respectable position of having it doubted that he could have contributed to the *chef-d'œuvre*.

Let us lastly consider how severe may be the loss to us and to posterity, from M. Mendelssohn's taking lawful advantage of his sole possession of his brother's manuscripts. The Reformation Symphony

was, at one time, if not always, regarded by its composer, and is now regarded by many persons to whom he played it on the pianoforte, as one of the best of his orchestral works. Besides the Finale of *Loreley*, which is published, and the "Ave Maria" in the same opera, which is not published, whose beauties have been attested by the delighted enthusiasm of audience after audience,—besides these two fragments, the entire opera is completely sketched, and many portions of it are wholly finished. The oratorio of *Christ*, of which the fragments that are printed serve as a sample of the beauties of the whole, is in the same state as the opera of *Loreley* sketched throughout, so as to give a very distinct if not perfect notion of the composer's entire design. Very many other works, completely finished, of various extent, amounting to at least so much as the total sum of Mendelssohn's published compositions, remain unprinted; these were carefully preserved by him, bound in volumes, and classified in order. In time to come, a Mendelssohn society may be instituted for doing justice to the great man's genius; such a society may prevail with a future generation of the composer's lateral descendants, to suffer these works to be brought to light; there will exist, at the possible period, a definite tradition of the manner of performing all the master's music at present printed, handed down from persons who heard it executed under his direction, if not played by himself; but there will be no clue to the manner of rendering the works not printed during the lifetime of persons who knew Mendelssohn, and they will, therefore, never have justice done to them.

The thanks of the meeting were voted to many persons who have afforded signal service to the Musical Society, but to none more cordially nor more deservedly than to Mr. Charles Salaman, the honorary secretary, and to Mr. Henry Smart, honorary director of the choral practices.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The first concert of the season was given on Saturday last, and the new music-hall was opened for the first time. Now the new music-hall is not new at all. It is the old concert-room, of the same length, breadth, and shape, and altered as to the roof only. And here alone, indeed, was the alteration necessitated. The old roof, or more properly covering, was merely a piece of cloth or canvas suspended above the galleries, which did not prevent the escape of the sound, and absorbed what reached it. The new roof is constructed of thin boards lined with canvas, and is arched lengthways from the platform. No sound can now escape from the concert-room, and, the roof acting as a sounding board, every note is heard. The orchestra, we fancy, has been made smaller; but whether this is for the better, or otherwise, time will show. The performances on Saturday enabled us to ascertain beyond a doubt the great acoustic improvement effected by the alteration. In its present state, however, it will gain but few admirers, as far as the appearance is concerned. The plain boarding alone was visible on Saturday, but the painters would soon be at work, and ornamentation, no doubt, would not be spared.

The programme was excellent. The orchestral pieces were, Beethoven's No. 7 Symphony, Overture by F. Ries, Overture to *Faust* (second part), by H. H. Pierson, and Leopold de Meyer's "Marche Tromphale d'Isly," arranged for band by M. Hector Berlioz. The band also accompanied Mdlle. Marie Wieck in Mendelssohn's G minor concerto. The symphony was well played throughout under M. Mans' direction, and every possible care and attention was paid to Mr. Pierson's overture, which, however, failed to convey the slightest glimpse of meaning to any who heard it. The aim of the composer has evidently been ambitious, since the instrumentation is elaborate and complicated in the extreme, and, in all probability, the conception of the writer was profoundly metaphysical. But music that may not be understood is about as much use as "music that may not be heard"; and, at all events, we shall not pretend to criticise what we could not make out. One thing is certain, such music will not do for the audiences of the Crystal Palace. The overture to *Faust* was performed by the Crystal Palace band last season, without creating any sensation but that of utter incomprehensibility. It does not improve on acquaintance. Mdlle. Marie Wieck played the somewhat hackneyed, though splendid concerto of Mendelssohn, with much facility and neatness of execution. The last movement was not

taken at the true Mendelssohnian pace, and its brilliancy was dimmed in consequence. The fair pianist also performed Kullak's "Perles d'écume."

The vocal music was distributed between Miss Eleanora Armstrong and Signor Belletti. The lady, a pupil of Mr. Frank Mori, is one of the most promising beginners we have heard for a long time. Her voice is a high clear soprano, with a good deal of natural flexibility. Nevertheless, Miss Armstrong should eschew altogether, at present, such songs as the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*. The ballad by Mr. Mori which she sang was more satisfactorily accomplished. Signor Belletti gave Handel's "O ruddier than the cherry," and the *buffo* air, "Il mio piano è preparato," from the *Gazza Ladra*, both in most admirable style, the latter achieving the only encore of the concert. The attendance was not large, not more than between three and four thousand persons being present.

A concert takes place this day, at which Miss Lascelles will sing; and this day week Mdlle. Piccolomini makes her first appearance in London for the season, with a draught from Mr. Lumley's late operatic company.

CONCERTS.

MISS DOLBY'S SOIRÉES MUSICALES.—A varied and attractive programme was presented by Miss Dolby at the second *soirée* on Wednesday last, and drew together an audience quite crowded and equally brilliant as at the first concert, whose success we have previously chronicled. The opening piece was Mr. G. A. Osborne's highly effective trio for violin, violoncello, and piano, the composer himself taking the latter instrument, Messrs. Sainton and Paque being the other executants. In such hands we need hardly say that more than ample justice was rendered; and if the applause was not quite as enthusiastic as it might have been, it must be attributed rather to the arena of display being a private drawing-room instead of a public concert-hall. The fair *bénéficiaire* contributed four songs, each in a style totally distinct from the other, but all calculated to show how thorough a mistress of her art Miss Dolby is. Nothing could present a greater contrast, for instance, than Beethoven's "In questa tomba," given with a solemn grandeur well befitting the subject, and a French version of the "Irish Emigrant"—words by Lady Dufferin, music by Lüders—sung with the greatest pathos and feeling. No less so the songs in the second part, "Oh, if thou wert my own love," Salaman's, and the now somewhat worn, "Katey's Letter." Miss Dolby seems at home, however, in music of all kinds, and her fine artistic feeling was never more fully displayed than upon this occasion. M. Sainton's two solos, the fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Valse de Concert* were nothing short of marvellous instances of perfect command of the instrument and thorough mastery of every mechanical difficulty, combined with a feeling and delicacy which it would be impossible to excel.

In the introduction and *rondo* of Spohr, M. Sainton was worthily seconded by Mr. Osborne, and no less ably assisted by Messrs. Bezeth, Schreurs, and Paque in the andante and scherzo (posthumous) of Mendelssohn. The violoncello solo, "Cujus animam," was played by Mr. Paque with his accustomed ability. The whole concert afforded evident gratification to the fashionable and elegant audience, which not only filled the rooms to overflowing, but thronged the doorways and passages of Miss Dolby's residence.

MADAME DE VAUCHERAN'S CONCERT.—This affair came off on Tuesday evening at Thirlestane House, Chelsea—an Educational Institute for young ladies, presided over by Madame de Vaucheran—and attracted a goodly assemblage of rank and fashion, mostly of the fair sex. The artists were Miss Clari Fraser, Miss Donia, and Mr. Southwell, vocalists; and Madame de Vaucheran, Herr Goffrie, and M. Paque, instrumentalists. The lady is a clever pianist, and is not unknown in the metropolitan concert rooms. She played, with the two gentlemen named, Beethoven's Trio in G major (Op. 1, No. 2), for piano, violin, and violoncello; with Herr Goffrie, Osborne and De Beriot's Duet, for pianoforte and violin, on airs from *Guillaume Tell*; and two pieces by Chopin. Madame de Vaucheran's

dexterity of finger and neatness of style were much admired. Herr Goffrie executed a violin solo of his own composition with decided effect. Miss Clari Fraser sang the old Scotch air "Within a mile of Edinboro' town," and Mr. Wallace's ballad, "Why do I weep for thee?" Miss Fraser is our best living interpreter of Scotch songs, not merely because her accent and pronunciation are faultless, though the lady is English born and bred, but because her sentiment is so unsophisticated and earnest, and the tone of her voice so pleasing and natural. The old Scotch air was delightful in its expression and delivery; but Mr. Wallace's charming ballad was even more liked, the audience being quite spell-bound by the young lady's singing. Miss Clari Fraser also joined Mr. G. Loder in Fioravanti's duet, "The Singing Lesson," in which she manifested no small degree of comic powers. Miss Donia gave Ricci's "Ah! mi sento il cor," and Mr. Macfarren's ballad, "When shall we meet again," the former with much facility, and the latter with genuine feeling. Also Mr. Southwell sang "Adelaida," and Mr. Brinley Richards' ballad, "Oh whisper that thou feelest," from the Pyne and Harrison edition of Auber's *Crown Diamonds*. The concert was thoroughly enjoyable, and dismissed all the visitors with smiling aspects.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, February 8th.

The recovery of Faure from his late indisposition, and his resumption of his part in the *Pardon de Ploërmel*, has given a fresh impetus to the success of this favourite opera, with the aid of Madame Cabel, whose name has been figuring this week in the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. The conclusion of the affair was, that M. Roqueplan was directed to pay immediately, as hitherto, into the hands of Dinorah, the sum of 370 fr. for each of her appearances in the character of the pretty goatherd. At Ploërmel itself a goatherd can live a whole year on a smaller sum than one of these performances costs. There the tribunals never resound with the noise of such litigations as these. Nobody meddles with the financial affairs of the Dinorahs of the spot.

Two new operatic works have been brought out—or, rather, one is announced, and the other brought out—to vary the bill of fare offered lately to the playgoing portion of the Parisian world. The one brought out is the *Roman d'Elvire* of Ambroise Thomas, at the Opéra-Comique. The other is the *Phélymon et Beaucis* of M. Charles Gounod, at the Théâtre-Lyrique. The parts are thus distributed:—Beaucis, Madame Miolan-Carvalho; Une Bacchante, Mdlle. Marie Sax; Jupiter, M. Battaille; Vulcain, M. Balanqué; Phélymon, M. Fromant. The Bouffes-Parisiens announces also its *Revue de Carnaval*, preceded by an operetta entitled *Bonne Etoile*, by Léo Delibes.

The Société des Concerts du Conservatoire have decided that the election of a new leader of the orchestra shall be adjourned till the general assembly (which takes place every year after the concerts are over), and the committee have begged M. Filmant to preside over the meetings of 1860. On Sunday the 5th the second concert took place.

The theatrical papers here have published an account of the fees received by authors in 1859 for works represented in Paris. According to this document, the Opéra-Comique has given 131,110fr.; the Théâtre-Lyrique, 59,076fr.; L'Opéra, 47,290fr.; the Bouffes-Parisiens, 41,958fr.; and the Théâtre-Italien, 392fr. It appears from this paper, then, that the Opéra-Comique pays to authors two-thirds more than the Opéra. It is to be hoped that, as a recent measure has raised the fees of authors at the Comédie-Française, the librettists and composers of the first lyrical theatre here will soon enjoy the same benefits.

A correspondent of the *Gazette Musicale de l'Allemagne du Sud*, writes from Vienna that Roger has been asked to give several performances at the theatre of the *Porte de Carinthie*; they will take place next September. The musical director, M. Otto Dessoif, has just been named *sous-maitre* of the court-chapel at Cassel. I think I already told you, a week or two ago,

that Giuglini is performing at the Scala at Milan. He began in the *Favorita*.

The Turks seem to be giving themselves a shake, and rousing themselves to the knowledge that music is a very high and sublime enjoyment, for it appears that his imperial highness the Sultan wishes to get a more intimate knowledge of the music of Verdi, and the *Sicilian Vespers* of that composer is to be performed in Constantinople under the title of *Giovanna di Guzman*.

W. A. MOZART.

BY OTTO JAHN.—(FOURTH PART.)

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

(Continued from page 81.)

“Two essential advantages were gained. By this sharp juxtaposition of the developed melodies, the musical phrase, the merely effectuating turn, the simple playing with figures, for the purpose of getting on, was excluded, or, at any rate, greatly circumscribed. Such expedients are comparatively very rare with Mozart. He mostly uses figures and passages as ornaments twining around and adorning a definite and solid kernel, but not constituting independent members of the whole. When, too, mere formulae of transition appear indispensable, he employs them mostly without much ado, just as in architecture the pillar is applied as an artistic motive in such a fashion that its constructional importance is clearly apparent. To this head we must refer the emphatic and broad treatment of the finales, and half finales, which are now so striking that they appear to many people as specific a peculiarity of Mozart’s style; they are, however, no such thing; they were, at that period, general, and proceeded from the necessity of being maintained fixedly and definitely in the key, a necessity on which, at that time, especial stress was laid. That composers have become freer in this respect, and learnt to introduce varied, charming, and exciting transitional turns instead of a plump common-place, is an undoubted advance; but that, notwithstanding, Mozart is not deficient in delicate and interesting turns, anyone may convince himself by observing his returns to the theme in the second part, and, for instance, merely the richness to which the simple fundamental force of the *point d’orgue*, is developed, in the most beautiful and most charming modes of applause.

“The second advantage was the comprehensive clearness of the plan of a musical movement, a clearness which is as intelligible as in an architectural ground-plan, and which, both in great and little things, is one of the unalienable excellences of Mozart’s art. By means of this, the principal points of a thoroughly developed organisation were fixed. These, necessary in themselves and sufficient for the object in view, could in their turn become the points of support for a rich and copious amplification, and before such a detailed and thorough development was possible, it was necessary that the simple scheme should be clearly and securely fixed.

“Mozart has in no wise exhausted the substance of the form of representation thus founded by him; others have merely imitated what he did. Beethoven entered on the intellectual inheritance, and has shown what depth and fulness there lay concealed in it; but whatever astonishing results he may have obtained, all the germs are far from being developed. Our own age, whose invention and skill are preponderatingly apparent in interesting and delicate forms of transition, and in a consistent spinning-out of small motives, which can lay claim only to a subordinate place in a great whole, is, above all things, to be reminded of the fact, that well-developed, firmly articulated melodies, should constitute the fundamental elements of a composition.

“In the choice and arrangement of them, so that the one shall set forth the other in the most varied manner, is Mozart’s delicate feeling invariably evident. He has the skill more particularly, in some part of the work where we least expect it, to surprise us by a new melody of peculiar beauty, as for instance, immediately after the first theme, which generally causes a certain satisfaction, a completely different motive is introduced. But, above all, he produces an inimitable effect by bringing forward,

when everything is tending rapidly to the end, a melody decked out with all the charms of freshness and sweetness, and which not only again excites our interest, but gives a new turn to the whole. To adduce a striking example of this, and one known to every one, I would remind the reader of the first movement of the symphony in C major. Who has not, with ever-reviving astonishment, been entranced by the melody introduced at the last, and which, like a gleaming meteor, darts forth a flood of light and gaiety? Similar effects, if not always so brilliant, are by no means rare; they have never been equalled, and, indeed, scarcely attempted by anyone else. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the partiality evinced by Mozart for placing in a strong light the conclusion and some other points, not generally so prominent, injured the second theme properly so called; and which is usually the weakest portion. The cause of this is partly, perhaps, attributable to the fact that, in opposition to the principal theme, it was intended to have a more tender and lighter character; but, compared with the other motives, it is frequently not important enough, and even sometimes produces the impression that it is neglected.

“The further extension of the fundamental scheme thus obtained could not be effected by the interpolation of mere outwardly connecting phrases between the principal members, but by the development of their purport by means of thematic treatment. We have seen above how, by the study of Bach and Handel, Mozart was guided to this course, and this tendency is very decided in later pianoforte compositions. It does not appear, however, as the return to the metrical style (*gebundene Schreibart*) in certain strict forms, as of the canon and the fugue, but as the free development of those general laws, on which the essential attributes of polyphonic representation and contrapuntal form depend generally. Instrumental and most especially pianoforte music, after it had been freed from the shackles of strict form, was in danger of following one-sidedly the direction of homophonic representation, and thus of becoming shallow. It is one of the services rendered by Mozart that, in the modifications, which the altered character of the conceptions and representation generally, and the nature of the instruments required, he did justice to the polyphonic and thematic mode of treatment in free and beautiful forms. This is apparent, as is natural, more especially in the modulating portions, on which the principal weights necessarily fell, and which, by this treatment, could first obtain due importance. Although Mozart did not bestow on them that extension and powerful elaboration to which they were developed by Beethoven, they yet appear in his works—even when, scantly elaborated, they are still presented as a transition—as the culminating point of the whole movement, on which its motive powers are concentrated in more lively activity. The mode of treatment is free, like the choice of motives brought into play; but it is nearly always essentially a thematic course of treatment, and frequently one very skilfully planned out and intricate, on which the effect depends. Still, at the same time, the harmonic element is by no means thrown into the back-ground—as is well-known, it is here that the boldest and most original modulations are usually found; on a closer observation, however, we shall find that the really vivifying element is the thematising element, and that the fashioning impulses proceed from this quarter. Thus, there is developed movements full of life, and, if we have not always an overpowering catastrophe, a knot is tied, and we are anxious to see it untied, which it always is, with agreeable certainty and ease.

“The slow movement is, as a rule, founded on the song (*das Lied*); it is consequently, according to its first plan, frequently bipartite, but the plan has only exceptionally been developed with the breadth and richness which have become usual in the first movement; the single or manifold repetition of the fundamental theme, which, in conformity with the custom at that time, did not often occur without ornament and decoration, easily led to a treatment in the fashion of variations. In every case, the first requisite was the invention of a melodious movement, important both in substance and form, which should not be appreciated simply as a motive through the treatment, or from connection with others, but which, of itself,

afforded a full and satisfactory expression for sentiment. It has already been noticed (I., p. 557) how the tendency, followed by the feeling of the time, favoured the development of exactly such movements, which undoubtedly must be classed among the most beautiful creations even of Mozart. These simple and impressive melodies, beautifully articulated and steadily carried out, which die away, as in a long full breath, redolent of warm deep feeling, without sentimental weakness, appear to be a happy inheritance of that period, which produced likewise the purest strains of our lyric poetry. In the repose by which they are mostly pervaded, the pleasure and satisfaction of artistic creation are superseded in an uncommon manner; in the unlaboured and easy way also in which, by a partial working out of the fundamental thoughts, by variations of the latter, by freely introduced and often contrasting under parts, these monuments are built up, without departing from the fundamental tone of feeling first laid down, we perceive how naturally and freely this mode of expression forced its way through the musical sentiment and soared to such a height. Without entering here into the details of the working-out, we may still direct attention to the delicacy and grace with which Mozart, in this case also, understood how to prepare and bring about the conclusion, so as to lead the hearer up to it with a continuous feeling of perfect satisfaction."

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE.

On Saturday, 4th February, at the French Ambassador's chapel, and afterwards at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. J. E. Cox, M.A., F.S.A., Vicar of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, Prosper Sainton, Esq., of No. 6, Davies-street, Berkeley-square, to Charlotte Helen Dolby, of No. 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square.

DEATH.

On Monday, the 30th ult., F. W. Collard, Esq., senior of the eminent firm of Collard and Collard, aged 88.

NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any News-vendor.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH, 1860.

No chief of an administration is more provident than Mr. Robert Bowley, General Manager of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham—none more vigilant and progressive. He is indeed the very Argus and Briareus of that princely establishment. His hundred eyes are always open, impressible to every change in the artistic atmosphere. His hundred hands are ever stretched out ready to grasp, to defend, or to invite. But occasion is not at all times subservient to poor mortal behests; nor is the race always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The success of the late Handel Festival Commemoration was triumphant. No one will dispute the fact. But to find a like opportunity for a similar demonstration, it were necessary to await the term of a century. To attend on so long a period would hardly suit the purpose of our manager; neither would it sort with the impatience of the public. Should the magnificent Handel orchestra rest unused all that time? Should the alterations and improvements carried out on so vast a scale, and at so large

an outlay, be turned to no account? Should the expectations raised, and the enthusiasm excited, be permitted to subside? Let no one think it. Something might be originated to allure eager multitudes to the Palace, even though no centenary of Handel's death were available, no half centenary of Mendelssohn's life to act as apology for a jubilee. The almanack might be searched in vain for some renowned composer to lend anniversary of birth or death for a celebration. The dates of the first or last days of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and other grand musicians might not fall in seasonably. Must, therefore, music awake no echoes in the crystal halls? Must the voice of the host be silent, and Mr. Costa no longer lead on his forces to unparalleled achievements. Forbid it enterprise, energy, and speculation.

It is intended that a grand musical exhibition shall come off at the Crystal Palace in June next. This affair will not be *à propos* of any special occasion or event; neither will it be national or local. No great name will be consulted, nor any particular taste conciliated. Three thousand French choristers, all males, have been invited to come and take part in a festival at Midsummer. That is all we distinctly know at present. Three thousand singers of France, composed of draughts from the most famous choirs in the country, without ladies, are engaged to assist in a great musical solemnity in England. Without being made further acquainted with the details of the proceedings, we may be allowed to speculate on the policy of the undertaking, and the likelihood of its achieving success.

And first, the question naturally arises—are French chorus singers so much better than our own that it is worth while to bring them from all parts of France to sing here? Their superiority as artists established—unless in a very extraordinary degree indeed—would hardly compensate for the loss of the female voices, without the aid of which, we have been accustomed to think, grand and striking effects in a choral performance can seldom be attained. Of course we are to conclude that there are male trebles and altos in the different Gallic choirs; and these in certain kinds of ecclesiastical music, more especially that written for the Romish church, make good substitutes for sopranos and contraltos proper. The female voice, notwithstanding, except in rare cases, has been invariably employed by the greatest masters. As a matter of curiosity, the singing of three thousand men and boys, however, can hardly fail to prove attractive; and that the attraction will prove remunerative, and commensurate with expectation, we have little doubt.

The next thought that occurs is, what the three thousand are to sing. Without the female voices they must be excluded almost *in toto* from the great oratorios, unless they take upon themselves to make the men do duty for the women, an innovation by no means desirable. Omitting masses and sundry works composed for the catholic services, we can call to mind no music in which so stupendous a body of male singers could be signally employed, excepting, perhaps, the grand finale to the second act of *Guillaume Tell*—the meeting of the Cantons—which, interpreted by three thousand accomplished male vocalists, might justly be expected to create an extraordinary sensation. This, we confess, would be a treat of the highest order; but even Rossini's colossal choruses would lose something of their effect, if not of their grandeur, by being transplanted to the concert-room. The eye in vain would look for the rush forward of the conspirators and the sudden brandishing of the spears as the infuriated Swiss shouted aloud, “*Au*o

Armes !" Let our neighbours, nevertheless, speak (or rather sing) for themselves.

A third consideration—less artistic, but no less necessary—will be the cost of bringing over from France to London three thousand persons, and keeping them while they remain here. It may be argued that, with economy, the expense would not be considerably greater than that involved in collecting the vast forces of the recent Handel Commemoration from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. We must remember, however, that a certain number only had to come from distances. But the *whole* of the French singers are to be conveyed from France, and some from remote parts of the kingdom. Of course, economy being indispensable, special trains might be chartered, and steam-boats hired, and the three thousand be fed and have their hammocks slung, if necessary, at the Crystal Palace. The various Courts—Ceramic, Byzantine, Roman, Alhambra, and Egyptian—would make admirable sleeping booths, and but little clothing would be required, as the patent steam-warming apparatus might be brought into use. Mr. F. Strange, too, would provide the creature comforts at a reduced tariff, so that in reality everything would be expended within the Crystal walls.

After all, we have little doubt of the success of this undertaking. For our own part, we believe that three thousand French choristers may be as good as three thousand English, and Mr. Bowley is too good a judge, and too conscientious a manager, to think merely of playing upon the curiosity and credulity of the public. We shall refrain from saying any more at present, and wait until the programme is issued. It may then appear that there is still more in the speculation than we imagined. We shall be glad to find it so. Every great musical undertaking has our warmest hopes, and shall have our warmest support.

"LONG live the 'Cour Impériale de Paris ! and Long live M. Perrot de Chézelles, who presided thereover on the 28th of January ! !'"—exclaimed Panurge, in a high state of "exaltation."

"It rejoiceth me," said Pantagruel, "that thou hast grace sufficient to call down blessings on anyone or anything. But wherein doth the special merit of this Court and this President consist, that thou indulgest in joy so immoderate ?"

"Why the Court, being the Upper Court, hath confirmed the profound proposition promulgated by the Lower Court, to the effect that that which supporteth is higher than that which is supported," said Panurge.

"Thy discourse," said Pantagruel, "is exceedingly harsh and crabbed,—with thy upper and thy lower,—and thy active and thy passive. Yet it mindeth me of something whereon we conversed profoundly some months ago——"

"To be sure it doth," quoth Panurge. "Even now I am referring to the disputed authorship of the piece called *Cri-cri*, which, as a piece of writing, was stupid as its name, but which was rendered delectable by the introduction of a very clever trick.

"I know,—I know"—exclaimed Pantagruel. "My memory is suddenly lighted up with the most dazzling splendour. The Tribunal of the Seine decided that the machinist, who had kept up the rubbish by means of his good ropes and pulleys, should share the rights of authorship. And a most wise decision too! That was the broad case; but thou wilt glad my heart if thou titillatest my

mnemonic faculties with a recapitulation of the particular facts."

"Look ye now," said Panurge, punctuating his sentences by the pressure of his right finger on the divers digits of his left hand—"look ye now. MM. Hugelmann, Borsat, and Fanfernott"—

"The names much cheer and refresh mine ear," remarked Pantagruel, smacking his lips.

"That is nothing to the purpose," said Panurge peevishly. "Well, these three gentlemen"—

"Hugelmann, Borsat, and Fanfernott," murmured Pantagruel, as if the rolling words gave him exquisite pleasure.

"Those three," continued Panurge, "took the piece called *Cri-cri* to M. Billion, of the Cirque-impériale who accepted it."

"Did he though," said Epistemon. "Then wits might declare that he was a man of a billion."

"Fools might declare so," observed Panurge, with infinite contempt. "Fanfernott was the chief inventor of the tricks."

"Therefore will we call him the trickster," said Pantagruel, with a smile.

"The literary part of the work was done by the others."

"Hugelmann and Borsat without Fanfernott," cried Pantagruel, with infinite satisfaction.

"Then there was a certain Mdlle. Thys, who swore that she had something to do with the authorship of *Cri-cri*," continued Panurge.

"And her share of the work was ——— ?" asked Pantagruel.

"May I be smothered in onions if I know," growled Panurge; "but she was allowed her share of the pay. Last comes one M. Raignard, who declares that he, not Fanfernott, invented the chief trick in the piece."

"Truly an admirable assembly," exclaimed Pantagruel. "Here are Hugelmann and Borsat, who write and don't trick; here is Fanfernott, who doth not write but tricketh generally; here is Raignard, who tricketh not generally but specially; lastly, here is Mdlle. Thys, who doth something so obscure that history forbeareth to describe it. We will invite them all over to London, and entertain them with whelks."

"These were all put on the same footing by the Tribunal of the Seine," continued Panurge, "which admitted the claim of Raignard, and decided that although in the case of a purely literary work, the decorations were merely accessory, it is otherwise in the case of a *farce*, where the eye is addressed rather than the intellect. In this latter case, the inventors of the tricks should equitably be ranked among the authors of the piece."

"What wisdom abounding on the banks of the Seine!" sighed Pantagruel, after a few moments of profound meditation.

"Against this decision," continued Panurge, "Borsat and Fanfernott appealed"—

"But not Hugelmann or the lovely incomprehensible Thys?" observed Pantagruel, inquiringly.

"No," ejaculated Panurge—"and the wiser they. For lo! the Imperial Court hath confirmed the decision of the Court below, and therefore Raignard is allowed not only a fifth part of the profits gained by the elaborators of *Cri-cri*, but his name may figure on the bills as one of the authors."

"I will send for one of those bills," said Pantagruel seriously, "and I will post it up in my palace, that I may see what great glory is attained by ingenuity, when it hath wisdom for its ally."

Habent sua fata—not only books, but also operas. Of this we have a striking example in the bad and good fortune which has attended *Rooslan and Loodmila*, said to be the masterpiece of the late Michael Glinka, who was certainly the most remarkable composer of modern Russia. Glinka had chosen for his subject the legend after which his opera is named, and which had already suggested to Pouschkin his earliest and one of his most beautiful poems; but he had considerable trouble in finding a librettist, and when at last the book was begun, it appeared almost impossible to get it completed. From various causes, first one author, then another, had to abandon the work, until, before it was finished, as many as ten different writers had been employed upon it, and finally, we are told by a Russian critic, it could only be compared to a figure having an eye by one artist, a hand by a second, an ear by a third, and so on.

Glinka had to write the music under very trying circumstances, but it was the best music he had ever composed. The opera was put into rehearsal, announced for performance at the Tsirk Theatre, and the public expected something wonderful, but—as afterwards appeared—something quite different from what Glinka had produced.

Just before the night fixed for the first representation, Petrova, the popular *prima donna*, and the only vocalist capable of doing justice to the principal part, was taken ill. The opera, however, was brought out, was coldly received, and before Petrova was sufficiently recovered to sing *Rooslan and Loodmila* had been pronounced a failure. The Russian critics of the present day attribute this failure to the bad taste of the public, who had previously received with enthusiasm the *Life for the Czar*, by the same composer, an opera of a much lighter character, and which owed its success chiefly to the national character of the principal melodies. Glinka's friends behaved worse, even, than the public, for they tormented him until he at last consented to alter his score, and he was so mortified at this want of appreciation, that he ceased from that time to take any interest in operatic music, and never afterwards wrote for the stage.

Rooslan and Loodmila, after being remodelled, was played for a time at the Tsirk theatre, until owing to the all-absorbing success of the Italian Company, it was thought advisable to transfer the Russian opera from St. Petersburgh to Moscow. Glinka's masterpiece produced but little impression in Moscow, where the operas of Donizetti and Bellini were alone in fashion; it was soon laid aside, and when the Moscow opera-house was burned down in 1854, all the magnificent costumes and scenery belonging to *Rooslan and Loodmila* were consumed.

After Glinka's death, in 1857, the St. Petersburgh Philharmonic Society gave a concert consisting entirely of his compositions; but some of the best pieces from *Rooslan and Loodmila* could only be imperfectly rendered, in consequence of the part for the military band—written with especial care, it would appear—having been lost or destroyed. The same year, one of the most esteemed singers of Russia gave the second act of *Rooslan and Loodmila* for his benefit. This was considered a praiseworthy but daring experiment, and it was not repeated.

In 1858, however, another artist, convinced of the great merit of the work, and determined, if possible, to force the public to understand it, announced the entire opera for his benefit; and although it had now been neglected for upwards of fourteen years, the Tsirk Theatre went to the expense of producing it in the most elaborate style. Petroff, the singer who caused the revival of Glinka's ill-fated opera,

had but a slight part to perform—which made his action the more meritorious—and he is said to have filled it to perfection. All the other vocalists distinguished themselves by their zeal and efficiency; but the conductor had taken upon himself to mutilate the work in a shameful manner: the overture was hurried through at a ridiculous pace. Several instrumental movements were curtailed, and one of the first scenes, in which the prophetess of the legend foretells the advent of Pouschkin, the Great Russian poet, was cut out. Critics protested, published a list of the pieces omitted or disfigured, compared the *tempo* of the Tsirk Theatre with those marked by Glinka in the original manuscript, and M. Stassaff, in the *Russian Messenger* (from which we obtained all our information on the subject), summed up the misdoings of the musical director by saying that he "could not have treated the opera worse if it had been the most frivolous production of the Italian school."

At last, fire, which has performed such contrary offices in Russia—now destroying whole villages, at another time burning out legions of Frenchmen from the very heart of the Empire—came to the assistance of Glinka. It had served him a bad turn in Moscow—though it must be remembered that the Moscow edition of the work was not *Rooslan and Loodmila* in its original form, but *Rooslan and Loodmila* as altered to meet the views of some of Glinka's friends; at St Petersburgh it made up for any former injuries it might have inflicted on the composer, by devouring the mutilated score, and the whole of the fragmentary orchestral parts—whose fate was unavoidably shared by the theatre itself, together with all the scenery and decorations. The musical director escaped.

It is of course a great pity that the Tsirk Theatre should be burned to the ground, but the musical public of Russia may congratulate itself on the Tsirk's perversion of *Rooslan and Loodmila* not having been saved. It is surely better not to hear music at all for a time, than to hear it misrendered, with a chance of the misrendering turning into a tradition. During nearly twenty years, that have elapsed since its first production, Glinka's principal work must have been studied by numbers of persons, it has passed through a great deal of criticism, and two conflagrations, it has been rescued by fire from the hands of a merciless arranger (who appears to be the Alary of St. Petersburgh), and let us hope that it is only reserved now to be performed—and appreciated—in its integrity.

GLASGOW MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

We have already at some length directed attention to the principal features of the recent great musical gathering in the North. We have shown the benefits likely to accrue from an undertaking of such magnitude, the impulse it is calculated to give to art, and the effect it will create on the popular mind. That a real feeling and taste for music existed in the minds of Scotchmen, no one pretended to doubt; but that, out of the capital, the people had not opportunities of hearing the best music, and that consequently it was not understood and appreciated, were supposed to be facts not to be disputed. The Glasgow Festival can only be accepted as an inauguration of a better state of things; and no reason can be shown why Glasgow should not compete with Birmingham, Norwich, Bradford, and Leeds, in establishing a triennial festival. The members of the Choral Union, we have no doubt, will not remain idle after the success they achieved, but endeavour to place the "city of the saut herring" on a par with less populous and renowned cities of the South.

The Festival was an unequivocal success. It opened on Tuesday evening with *Elijah*. The principal solo singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey and

Mr. Weiss. The opening chorus "Help, Lord," although a little tremulous at first, satisfied every listener as to the quality of the choir. Power, precision, energy, correctness of intonation, were alike manifested. Indeed, the chorus merited the highest praise throughout the oratorio, and many did not hesitate to express an opinion, that finer choral singing could not be heard in London. Much of the perfection at which the members have arrived is undoubtedly due to W. H. Albert Lambert, the conductor, who has been for months indefatigable in exercising the whole corps. The solo singers were all in admirable force, but the sensation they created may be readily surmised.

On Wednesday night a miscellaneous concert was given. There were no important pieces for the orchestra besides the overtures to the *Zauberflöte*, *The Naiades*, and *Oberon*. The latter was encored. The vocal pieces comprised most of the favourites of the day, which, of course, were in some measure new to most of the Glasgow folk. Mr. Lambert was incapacitated from attending, and Mr. Horsley filled the place of conductor.

Mr. Horsley's, new oratorio, *Gideon* produced on Thursday evening was the novelty of the festival, and excited much curiosity and interest. The composer himself conducted; the band and chorus had bestowed infinite pains on the rehearsals, and the soloists were instigated by a real brotherly and sisterly affection, to give the work every chance of succeeding. The principal singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Witham, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Winn. The oratorio was eminently successful. A brief analysis (without criticism) of the musical arrangement of the work (the book has already been described) may not be out of place, *en attendant*—a detailed account from the pen of a competent judge, which we have in hand:—

"The Oratorio opens with an overture, based on the war cry, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' and this cry is more fully developed towards the conclusion of the piece. The Israelites, driven into the mountains of Gilboa, assemble in the valley of Ophra, and there lament their misfortunes in a lengthy chorus (G minor) 'Woe! woe! to Israel,' and, notwithstanding that one of their prophets (Mr. Lockey) reminds them of the wonders God had before wrought for his chosen, they continue their lamentations in an allegro agitato chorus (D minor), in the same strain as the former. Ebed (Mr. Weiss), craftily prevails upon them to turn to Baal for comfort, and they accordingly are about to offer a sacrifice, having first rendered praise in a song-like chorus 'He is a god of laughter' (D major), when Zillah (Madame Novello) in an air (E flat), half persuades them to forego their intention; but Ebed tauntingly asks them 'Fools! shall a woman bend ye to her fancy?' and they at once break into a chorus 'Baal! mighty Baal' (F major), in honour of their god. Not only will they not hear the prophetess, Zillah, but they take an heiress of her flock to sacrifice to Baal. The remonstrance of the prophetess causes them frantically to cry out for Zillah's death, but the appearance of Gideon (Mr. Sims Reeves) upon the scene restrains their wrath, and in a part chorus, 'Retire we, Heaven speaks by Gideon's voice' (G major), they retire, and Gideon returns to his father's house, where, in a musing recitative, followed by an air, 'O mighty God of Israel' (E major), he prays for divine direction and support, and is encouraged by chorus of angels (A major), female voices only, 'Go, in this thy might!' and in answer to his question, 'Oh, my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel?' he is directed how to proceed against the Midianites; but before doing so, he, with his servants, destroys the shrines of Baal (chorus, D minor, 'Down with the shrines of darkness'), and rears an altar to the living God. Zillah, wandering disconsolate, meets with Gideon, and together they unite in praise to the Almighty. The duet is written in F major. The theme of praise to God, and prayer for deliverance, is continued in a double part choral (B flat), and with its conclusion the first portion of the work is brought to an end. The second part opens with the discovery by the Baal worshippers of the overthrow of their altars, and, along with Ebed, they loudly cry for Gideon's death, but Zillah and Joash intercede for him, the latter declaring 'In deep, still trance my son is sleeping,' whereupon Zillah, in a song (B flat), 'Thou givest Thy beloved sleep,' describes the blessed influence of rest. A series of recitations and airs follows, in which the near approach of the Midianites host is told, and the people, in their strait, cry to God. A solo (A flat), 'O, Israel, dear Israel,' and an unaccompanied quartet (C minor), 'Unwonted awe

pervades each heart!' Gideon now declares 'The spirit of the Lord is upon me,' and, in an air (E minor), asks for divine help. The people, encouraged, declare their trust in the Lord—chorus (C major), 'All nations compassed us round about'—and prepare to follow Gideon against the camp of the Midianites. The third part opens with a war march (A minor), in the camp of the enemy, and is followed by a laudatory chorus (A major), 'We have stormed in our might.' It is written for tenors and basses only. Gideon, doubtful of his own powers, and apprehensive of the result, for now but three hundred men remained with him, consults his Creator in a recitative (F major), preceded by a symphony, 'Lord, who am I?' and as his fears vanish he breaks out into an air, 'Lord, in youth's eager years,' and is then commanded to 'Arise! get thee down into the host—take Pharaoh, thy servant with thee!' The remainder of the oratorio is taken up with the battle, which is described by angel witnesses, as the people rush impetuously forward with the cry, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' and is concluded by the chorus, 'Welcome, meek and royal heart!' and with another, wherein the glory is ascribed to the Most High, 'All glory be to God on high,' both in A major."

At the termination of the first part, and at the end of the performance, which we have intimated was eminently successful, Mr. Horsley was called for and received with the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. Horsley conducted the whole of the oratorio, and displayed infinite tact in his arduous labours.

On Friday night, *The Messiah* was given. Of this performance it is only necessary to say, that it attracted, as it does invariably at all the festivals, the greatest crowd of the week, and was executed to the entire satisfaction of all present. It is calculated that a good balance will remain for the charities after all expenses are paid.

M. AND MADAME GASSIER are expected shortly to arrive in London for the season.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—It is rumoured that a Grand Rite, or Volunteer, Ball, will be given at the New Floral Hall, attached to the Royal Italian Opera, on the 8th of March, under the most distinguished patronage.

EXETER HALL.—Last night the choruses of *Elijah* were rehearsed by the London Amateur Contingent of the Great Handel Choir, numbering 1,600 voices, under the direction of Mr. Costa.

MYDDELTON HALL.—The first of a series of weekly concerts took place in the above hall on Monday evening last. The principal artists were Mad. Vinning, Mrs. G. A. Cooper, and Miss Fanny Reeves, Messrs. Elliot Galer, G. A. Cooper, and Viotti Collins. Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori. The music was of a miscellaneous character, and several pieces were encored, amongst which were Madame Vinning's "Within a mile of Edinbro," Miss Reeves' "If I could have my way," and "Come into the garden, Maud," by Mr. Galer; also a new song by J. Mallandaine, "I'd rather be a soldier," rendered with considerable effect by Mr. Galer, and enthusiastically redemande. Mr. Frank Mori, conducted, with his usual ability.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Those who were fortunate enough to be present at Exeter Hall on Friday, February 3rd, are not likely soon to forget the remarkably fine performance of that evening, when Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and Handel's *Dettingen* "Te Deum" were given before an audience which literally crammed that most incommodeous building to repletion, many being turned away, unable to find even standing room. The *Lobgesang* (*Hymn of Praise*) was the first and, unhappily, the last of three great works which the illustrious composer had projected under the title of *Sinfonia Cantata*, and was originally produced at Leipzig, at a festival to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of printing, when the statue of Guttenburg was inaugurated. Its first performance in England was at the Birmingham Festival, in 1840, since which time it has been frequently heard at the Exeter Hall and the provincial festivals, but had not till within a few years achieved a success commensurate with its merits, which may be in a great measure attributed to imperfect execution consequent upon its immense difficulties, which tax singers and players to a much higher degree than any other work by the same composer. Recent

performances, however, and especially the performance of Friday night, have satisfied all but the most hypercritical, who, "more nice than wise," would discover slight flaws and minute short-comings even in perfection itself. The general, indeed we may say unanimous, opinion of connoisseurs was, that so effective a rendering of the work had never previously been heard in this or, indeed, any other country, and with such high praise to award, it is a matter of difficulty where to begin. *Place aux dames*—let us commence with Madame Clara Novello, whom we deeply regret to hear intends taking leave of the public this season. A void will be thus created difficult to fill up; indeed, for the moment, impossible, for where are we to find a voice of such quality combined with the musicianlike knowledge she possesses in so eminent a degree? Mad. Novello was received both by the audience and orchestra with long-continued applause, and sustained her reputation throughout. The air, "Praise thou the Lord," the short solo, "The night is departing," the duet with Miss Martin, who most efficiently supplied the place of the clever Miss Fanny Rowland (prevented from appearing by indisposition), at a very short notice, and the duet with Mr. Sims Reeves, "My song shall always be Thy mercy," were, one and all, eminently satisfactory. Never has Mr. Reeves sung more magnificently than upon this occasion. The plaintive first air, the picturesque solo, "The sorrows of death," in which occurs the wonderful passage, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" literally thrilled the audience, and the succeeding grand chorus, "The night is departing," produced a sensation not readily forgotten. The choruses were, one and all, given with a precision and attention to light and shade far beyond any previous occasion; and the excellence of the band showed to the greatest advantage, not only in the accompaniments, but in the introductory orchestral symphony, the three movements of which were given to perfection. Of the Dettingen "Te Deum" so entirely different in character, we may also speak in terms of unreserved praise. Each a work of thanksgiving—one produced at a commemoration of the most peaceful—the other in celebration of the most warlike art—each is alike admirable. The majesty and grandeur of Handel formed a wonderful contrast (neither suffering) to the more elaborate and highly coloured beauties of Mendelssohn, and appeared to be as thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, who, in both instances, as usual, defied the orthodox regulations, and although they did not encore, by no means refrained from applause. The solos were exclusively allotted to the bass voice, in accordance with the original intention of Handel, and when we say that Signor Belletti was the soloist, our readers may be satisfied that an irreproachable performance was the result. To Mr. T. Harper, of course, fell the trumpet *obbligato* to "Thou art the King of Glory," and we believe ourselves fully justified in saying, that no other player living, native or foreign, could have played it like him. The great success of this performance has fully justified the Society in announcing its repetition for Friday, the 17th instant.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION have announced their First Subscription Concert, for this season, to take place on Wednesday Evening next, February 15th, at St. James's Hall. The performance will consist of Mendelssohn's Psalm, "Hear my Prayer, O God!" and several new part-songs, by Messrs. Benedict, Berger, and H. Smart, with choir of 200 voices. Mdlle. Parepa and Mdlle. Marie Wieck are engaged. M. Benedict is, as before, the conductor.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

UNLIKE most of his predecessors in the art of conjuring, Herr Wiljalba Frikell has established himself in this country as a permanent promoter of amusement, and, when other entertainments recommence, an exhibition of his feats is anticipated as one of the natural events of the season. His elevation above a host of competitors is due not only to his extraordinary skill, but also to the circumstance that he was the first to revive that genuine legerdemain which had almost become forgotten amid the superabundance of mechanical ingenuity. Instead of training his fingers to the performance of invisible movements, the modern necromancer had begun to invest his

capital in a glittering apparatus, which not only dazzled the eyes, but perplexed the investigation of the spectators, so that manual dexterity was rendered almost superfluous. It was in opposition to this mechanical school of conjuring, that Herr Wiljalba Frikell, a Finn by birth, and probably sprung from a race of "Schamanns," made his appearance some two years since, and people accustomed to behold a collection of shining objects that looked like the stock-in-trade of some colossal silversmith, were surprised to find an unassuming little gentleman stationed behind an ordinary table, and prepared to amuse them with the aid of such simple expedients as hats, handkerchiefs, and goblets. We do not mean to say that Herr Frikell's tricks derive no aid whatever from mechanical contrivance, but merely that mechanism is not obtruded, and is but an accessory to sleight of hand.

The series of performances which he commenced on Wednesday, and which are to terminate with the present week, are characterised by the melancholy word "farewell;" and Herr Frikell, to take leave of his many patrons, chooses a wider field of operation than any in which he has hitherto appeared. Leaving the Polygraphic Hall, he occupies the large room in St. James's Hall, where he has hitherto been visited by a numerous body of spectators.

BELFAST.—(*From our Correspondent.*)—The Classical Harmonists' Society performed *Judas Maccabaeus* on the 31st of January, and gave an opera recital on the following night. *Der Freischütz* was the opera selected for the honour of being the first ever produced in this manner at Belfast, and we are glad to say the performance was most successful, and has created quite a sensation. The principal singers were, Madame Weiss, Mr. E. J. Wells, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Weiss—the parts of Cuno and Kilian being taken by members of the Society. The local band was largely augmented by gentlemen from London, Manchester, Dublin, &c., and was, perhaps, the finest ever assembled in Belfast. They played the overture and the incantation music with immense spirit. The chorus numbered about seventy voices. The audience frequently testified their delight by great applause, and Mr. Weiss was compelled to repeat the celebrated *Trinklied*. The Bridesmaids' chorus and the Huntsmen's chorus were also encored, the four solos in the former being taken by members of the chorus. In the second part of the programme, the duet on French horns, by Herren F. and H. Stoeckel was very remarkable. Herr Elsner's solo on the violoncello was clever, and well received. Madame Weiss was encored in G. B. Allen's new ballad, "Dennis," when she substituted another new one by the same composer, called "Katty." Miss Wells was encored in "The soldier tired," and Mr. Weiss in his own setting of Longfellow's "Slave's dream." Mr. Benson only escaped an encore in "The meeting of the waters," through the lateness of the hour—nearly half-past eleven, at which time scarcely any one had left the hall. The National Anthem brought the concert to a close. Mr. Allen was conductor, and Mr. H. Loveday leader.

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 I never more will grieve thee;
 All joys are fled and hope is dead
 If I indeed must leave thee.
 Forgive the wild and angry words
 This wayward heart hath spoken;
 I did not dream those cherished chords
 So lightly could be broken.
 Oh! take me to thy heart again.
 I think how very sad and lone
 This life would be without thee;
 For all the joys my heart hath known
 Are closely twined around thee.
 Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
 That wounded thee so blindly;
 And be once more the gentle guide
 Who smiled on me so kindly.
 Then take me to thy heart again.

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Rouse ye Palikar,
 Men of Suliole, rouse ye,
 See on yonder mountain's brow,
 Glows the beacon light!
 Warlike songs are singing,—
 While the trumpets ringing
 Call the valiant Palikar,
 To the coming fight.
 What though foes surround us,
 Though their chains have bound us,
 We will live as freemen live,
 Or die as warriors die.
 Come with weapons gleaming—
 Come with banners streaming,
 Raise your glorious battle cry,
 Suliole shall be free.

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There should be no despair for you,
 While mighty stars are burning;
 While evening pours its silent dew,
 And sunshine glides the morning.
 There should be no despair, though tears
 May flow down like a river:
 Are not the best-beloved of years
 Around your heart for ever.
 They weep, you weep, it must be so;
 Winds sigh, as you are sighing,
 And winter sheds its grief in snow,
 Where autumn's leaves are lying.
 Yet, these revive, and from their fate,
 Your fate cannot be parted;
 Then, journey on, if not elate,
 Still, never broken hearted.

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Awake, little pilgrim, the day is at hand;
 The rays of the morning appear on the land;
 O, haste with thy burden to life's narrow gate,
 Ere the night shadows falling proclaim thee too late.
 Knock, little pilgrim, it shall not be vain,
 Thy feeble entreaties admittance shall gain;
 Thy Saviour is waiting to bid thee God speed,
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A dew-drop reclined on a beautiful rose,
 And whispered soft vows of his love,
 When near that sweet flower, to seek soft repose,
 A sunbeam fell down from above!
 The dew-drop instinctively felt there had come
 A rival—his loved one to prove,
 A shelter he sought next the heart of the rose,
 And whispered soft vows of his love.
 Still nearer came that sunbeam gay,
 As he called the rose his bride,
 Those words the dew-drop heard him say,
 Then drooped his head and died.

"THE CHRISTMAS ROSE."

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"The Christmas Rose! The Christmas Rose!
 'Mid wintry frost and snow it blows;
 And opes its portals pure and fair,
 When winds have swept the gay parterre.
 Just like a true and constant friend,
 Whose faith no storms of life can bend;
 Not the mere friend of summer day,
 But firm when joy hath passed away.
 This flower is like the joys that shine,
 In sorrow's hour and life's decline,
 When youth hath passed and pleasure flown,
 And sad the spirit sighs alone;
 Then marvel not that thus I twine
 My thoughts around this gift of thine,
 And muse on hopes and joys that last,
 And bloom through life's most piercing blast."

"I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER."

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Prithee tell me, gentle air,
 Why my heart is full of care,
 And why no pleasures charm me?
 It is not *Love* torments me so;
 I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
 His arrows cannot harm me!
 I try to sing—my voice is sad!
 I sleep! but then 'tis just as bad—
 Such gloomy things I dream on!
 Can you not tell? nor you? nor you?
 Oh then I know not what to do
 To charm away the demon.
 I sometimes think, if "I know who"
 Were here, he'd tell me what to do,
 To bid the dream slumber!
 Could I but hear his voice again,
 I'm sure 'twould cheer my heart—but then
 "I'm not in love, remember I!"
 I'm not in love, remember.

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Are they meant but to deceive me,
 Those fond words that tell of love;
 Ah! for ever it would grieve me
 If their falsehood I should prove.
 Though my heart would trust them gladly,
 Though belief, alone, is bliss,
 Yet I still must ponder sadly,
 Ah! what bitter pain is this.
 All my inmost soul concealing,
 Shall I sternly answer "No!"
 Or each secret wish revealing
 Shall my words unfettered flow.
 Ever lingering, never speaking,
 Here my thoughts shall I express,
 For my heart if you are seeking,
 Strive to find it by a guess.

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I loved dear Margareta,
I know not what it means,
I cannot now forget her.
That vision of the past,
My head is ever crazing,
Yet when I saw her last
I could not speak for gazing.
Queen of rural maids,
My dark-eyed Margareta,
The heart the mind upbraids
That struggles to forget her.
My love I know will seem
A wayward boyish folly;
But, ah! it was a dream,
Most sweet, most melancholy.
Were mine the world's domain,
To me 'twere fortune better,
To be a boy again,
And dream of Margareta.
Oh! mem'ry of the past,
Why linger to regret her?
My first love was my last,
And that is Margareta.

"IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO."
BY HATTON.

It was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.
And Nature, the old nurse,
Took the child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."
"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."
And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.
And whenever the way seem'd long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.
So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;
Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Raudevaches of old;
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold.
And the Mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return."

"WHY DON'T HE TELL ME SO?"
BY BERGER,

SUNG BY MISS LOUISA VINNING.

In truth, I think he loves me,
For I have often seen
The blushing mount to his temple,
When we alone have been;
His voice, too, often trembles,
As sweet the words do flow;
But if he really loves me,
Why don't he tell me so?
Why don't, &c.,

Methinks he is too bashful,
Or, p'raps he's half afraid
I might scorn to hear the words,
He hath so long delayed!
They tell me "that he loves me,"
My friends all seem to know;
But if it is the truth they speak,
Why don't he tell me so?
Why don't, &c.

"SWEETHEART,"

BY BALFE,

SUNG BY WILBY COOPER.

There is a little bird that sings—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"
I know not what his name may be;
I only know he pleases me,
As loud he sings—and thus sings he—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! Sweetheart!"
I've heard him sing, on soft Spring days—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"
And when the sky was dark above,
And wintry winds had strip'd the grove,
He still poured forth those words of love—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"
And like that bird, my heart, too, sings—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"
When heav'n is dark, or bright and blue,
When trees are bare, or leaves are new,
It thus sings on, and sings of you—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"
What need of other words than these—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"
If I should sing a whole year long,
My love would not be shown more strong,
Than by this short and simple song—
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! sweetheart!"

"DON'T COME TEASING ME, SIR."

BY HATTON.

You're wasting time, most precious time,
In dangling daily here, Sir,
Go seek elsewhere your lady fair,
And learn to be sincere, Sir.
The damsel pert with whom you flirt,
Will suit you best, I see, Sir,
So keep away I humbly pray,
And don't come teasing me, Sir.
So keep away, &c.

I've grown quite tir'd of being admir'd,
By fickle swains like you, Sir;
For all you say to me to-day,
Is neither new, nor true, Sir.
Your oft-told tale is old and stale,
Your actions don't agree, Sir,
In short, you find I've changed my mind,
So don't come teasing me, Sir.
So keep away, &c.

The heart in thrall is captive all,
And can't divide allegiance;
It yields to one who shares with none,
It's full and prompt obedience,
True love deals fair, nor seeks to share
A heart that is not free, Sir,
Wins all or none, as I have done,
So don't come teasing me, Sir.
So keep away, &c.

"THE MAID I LOVE HATH MANY A GRACE,"

BY HATTON,

SUNG BY MR. LOCKEY.

The maid I love hath many a grace;
How fair her form, how sweet her face!
And can't thou tell me, Mariner,
Fast sailing o'er the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star,
Were half so fair to the eye!
The maid I love, &c.

And can't thou tell me, Cavalier,
Whose arms are gleaming bright,
If steed or arms be half so dear
As her fond eyes of light?
The maid I love, &c.

Or can't thou tell me, Shepherd Boy,
Watching thy flock with care,
If herds, or sunlit valleys green,
Or skies be half so fair?
If herds, &c.

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